

The Story of a Smart Kid - 1st Grade

Hello, I'm Ilija Bulcid. I live in this road called Bruh Road 6. My school sucks **ASS**. Reading the entirety of this might let you know why.

Chapter 1: First Suffering

I had 7 years of age when I first gone up to school. My first day was not **bad**, pretty **OK**. We were just meeting and talking with everyone. At the end of the day, Neda emptied her stomach. This meant a little delay, but it was okay. Then I gone home. I'll put Neda's stomach emptying this way. She vo_____. After that day, everything gone **ASS MODE**. Not after this first day. Days were going okay and there was no shit. Up until I managed to literally start hating school cuz the days were getting boring and worse.

Chapter 2: Explaining Shit

Days were boring. Like look, the teacher forced us to write the fucking alphabet and numberphet. Joke name for writing numbers. Was boring because I literally fucking **KNEW THAT!!!!** The rest of the days in this grade were like previous ones, and to me, it looked like I was Kidnapped and fucking tortured, I was in anger. Anger that will soon destroy the **WORLD** itself. The worst part is that there were two bullies. For example, these are named Philip Anderson and Lazar Viewdick. For example, one time at the big break class where we ate food and played outside, Lazar and Phillip once chased me. I ran with fear, and in the end, they caught up to me. I was kicked and injured like a pancake being flipped on a pan. At the end of the break, I told the teacher everything from start to finish. That was it. End of discussion. Phillip and Lazar be fucked, cuz she punished them. I was happy to see Lazar and Phillip Suffering. If the teacher was more brutal at them, I would definitely join to drink off their blood and eat up their organs. But they changed in 2nd grade, so fuck it.

Chapter 3: **MY DOGSHITS.**

99% of the time, my school days suck. I have some dog shit to tell. For example, sometimes I took a nap on the floor, slapped the teacher (she was a female, so it was assault, luckily I didn't pay an arrest for it, I did that one time in 3rd grade.), and walked around the classroom. There were some groundings. For example, one time I pushed the table. It could've broke everyone's legs. I tried to tell them to get the table back up, but they backstabbed me just like that. They decided to keep it on the floor so they can reveal all kinds of evidence from this shit. After my mom came, I knew i was in for big trouble. I watched as the teacher told off the shit from start to finish. I got Grounded for one day, so yeah. I waited it out and got back my privileges to game and watch shit. And listen to music I love. Of course I cried at my room next door. And just like that, that's it.

Chapter 4: My Activities (Outside school)

I rollerskate around town and do tricks'n'shit and play with my friends. What a quick chapter.

Chapter 5: My Activities (Inside school)

Write boring shit, and go play the crappiest ball game in the world, called "Between Two Fires". Yes, a game that sucks. In 3rd grade, I played football instead, it was cool.